THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

[*Our anxiety to aid the cause of elegant literature, combined with a warm friendship for Dr. C. and a full conviction of his abilities as an Editor, urges us to give the front rank to an interesting article.*

PROPOSALS BY JOHN WATTS,

For publishing by Subscription, in medium 8vo.

SELECT SPEECHES,

FORENSIC AND PARLIAMENTARY,

With Illustrative Remarks,

BY N. CHAPMAN, M. D.

Pietatem gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexere, silent; ad rectisque auribus adstant;
Iste *regit dictis animos et pectora mulcet.* Virg.

THE design of the work, as the title imports, is to draw from the exchequer of modern eloquence the most distinguished Speeches, and to publish them *collectively*. These splendid productions, to many of which "Demosthenes would have listened with *delight*, and Cicero with *envy*," are permitted, by a strange insensibility to their value, to be scattered, with the refuse of literature, in the perishable shape of a pamphlet, or to be preserved imperfectly in the rapid synopses of the Chronicles of the day. It is to be regretted that, in consequence of this neglect, some of the finest displays of modern elocution are already irretrievably lost, and that the rest must inevitably be swept away by the current of time, if an effort be not fostered to give to them a more permanent form.

The diligent researches of the Editor, though sometimes disappointed, have been, on the whole, rewarded with a success very disproportioned to the moderate expectations with which he went to the task.

He has found, concealed in the cabinets of the curious, and in the hoards of "literary misers," a sufficient number of the "brightest gems," to authorise him to exchange the toils of gleaning for the perplexity of selection.

He proposes to make indisputable evidence of the genuineness of every Speech, the invariable criterion of his choice, and will admit no one into the work which has not distinct claims from importance of matter and brilliancy of diction.

Without hazarding a decision of his own, on the intricate question of the respective excellence of ancient and modern eloquence, he confidently trusts that *his compilation* will not be thought to weaken the opinion that, were a collection of the best specimens of the latter to be formed, it might fearlessly challenge a comparison with the celebrated exhibitions of Grecian and Roman oratory.

Of the pretensions of the work to public favor the Editor conceives little need be said.

I. It is an attempt, and the only one, to perpetuate Modern Eloquence.

What direct memorial, says a late writer, would remote posterity have received, even of the existence of the

talent, were not a few of Mr. Burke's Orations incorporated with his works? But, gorgeous as is certainly the rhetoric of Edmund Burke, will his speeches alone convey an adequate representation of the extent, variety, and richness of the eloquence of the age in which he lived?

II. It will present at one view to the Lawyer and Statesman, those learned and lucid discussions of politics and jurisprudence, which are eminently subsidiary to his investigations, and which, as now dispersed, are always difficult of access, and frequently not to be procured at any price.

III. It will afford a correct model for the study of Oratory.

The calm, temperate, argumentative manner of the moderns differs too widely from the bold, vehement, figurative style of the ancient orations, to render them, notwithstanding their various beauties, a standard altogether proper for emulation.

A speaker, who should at this time adventurously imitate the impetuous strains, or the lofty flights, which mark the classic elocution—who should dare to pour "the torrent, or spread the splendid conflagration," would probably excite not more surprise, or provoke greater merriment, by appearing before his audience enrobed in the grotesque costume of antiquity.

Whatever tends to improve or to widen the dominion of speech cannot be an object of indifference in a commonwealth.

Eloquence has always been admired and studied by every free people. It engages particularly their attention, because it opens to them the widest avenue to distinction. Compared to it, the influence of the other attributes, which elevate to rank, or confer authority, is feeble and insignificant. In Greece and Rome it rose, by cultivation, to the loftiest pitch of refinement, and the history of those states confirms, by innumerable instances, the truth, "that Eloquence is Power."

But no where has a condition of things prevailed, holding out stronger incitements to its acquirement, or more auspicious opportunities for its profitable exertion, than in the United States. There are, indeed, in the peculiar construction of our political institutions, advantages to the orator, which did not belong even to the ancient democracies. The complex fabric of our federative system has multiplied, beyond the example of any government, legislative assemblies and judiciary establishments: each of which is not only a school to discipline eloquence, but also a field, that yields the abundant harvest of its honours and emoluments.

With us, an additional motive exists, to stimulate generous ambition to the culture of oratory. The nation has a character to receive. We can scarcely hope to create, and emblazon one with the glitter of, military deeds. The natural felicities of our situation will forbid, perhaps for a considerable period, our becoming warlike. Reputation from the improvements of literature, or science, or the arts, is equally denied to us. Centuries must elapse before we can arrive at this enviable eminence. The adolescence of a people is not the season which produces such improvements. They are the offspring of a much riper age.

Hitherto we are chiefly known by a hardy spirit of commercial enterprise, and by the uncommon possession of the faculty of public speaking, which are the probable germinations of our future character. Into these directions the genius of the country is pressed by causes not readily to be controled. Eloquence seems to flourish well among us. Let us therefore encourage its growth till it becomes the distinguishing feature of the American people. Let us, since we are excluded from many of the means which advance the glory of a nation, endeavour to exalt our fame by excelling in one of the noblest qualities of our nature.

Like a polished republic of antiquity, we will be content to be characterised by our commerce and our oratory. The winds which waft the redundant products of our industry to the remotest regions may also bear our renown as the most eloquent people of the earth.

CONDITIONS.

I. The Work will be comprised in three or four Volumes, octavo.

II. It will be elegantly printed on fine paper, and with a Type bold and distinct.

III. The price to Subscribers will be Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, each volume: To Non-Subscribers, Three Dollars.

IV. It is contemplated to put the work to press on the first of November.

☞ Subscriptions received at *John Watts's* Office, Dock Street,; and by all the principal Booksellers throughout the United States.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIRS OF ANACREON, &c.

(*Continued from p.* 185, *Vol. I.*)

CHAP III.

IN the evening we went to the theatre, to witness the representation of a play that had been written by Hipparchus, the son of the reigning tyrant. This Prince was eminently distinguished from the young noblemen of his father's court by his love of letters, and to him the Athenians, who have always more loved those who contributed to their pleasures than they respected the talents which exalted their power, ascribed many of the pleasures they enjoyed. Pisistratus, though it was his policy, as well as his disposition, to divert the minds of his subjects from his individual views, and gild their fetters with the pageantry of splendid exhibitions, devoted his almost undivided attention to those schemes, by which he finally overturned the constitution of Solon, and satisfied that inordinate ambition which had never been attracted from its object by the fascinating lures of delight, nor daunted by the menaces of opposition. It is difficult to speak of this character with impartiality. We are in danger of being dazzled by the splendor of his personal qualities, and we cannot yield a due degree of applause to the talents and the perseverance he displayed, when we reflect that they were exerted to overturn the liberties of his country. Conspicuous as the member of a family which had been rendered illustrious by a long train of noble ancestry, he entered the busy theatre of life at that critical period in the history of his country, when the Athenians, ever volatile and never contented, were become wearied of those excellent institutions which the wisdom of Solon had devised, which they themselves had once regarded with the veneration that is due to oracular inspiration, and which the prudence of surrounding nations had not disdained to applaud and adopt. The unhappy divisions which distracted the councils of his country, offered a field for the exercise of his turbulent and restless disposition, too flattering for his honesty to resist. Athens, divided by three factions, which were actuated by as many different interests, had enjoyed some quiet whilst she was protected by the authority and awed by the presence of her legislator. But as soon as his absence had relieved her terrors, faction reared her Medusa head. The three parties which Solon had exerted all his ingenuity to restrain, both by the allurements of promise and the commands of authority, now united to fan a flame in which they would all perish. Pisistratus had too much penetration to hesitate. He was soon inrolled among the democratic party—his voice resounded beneath the banners of sedition, and he blew the clarion of anarchy. There, where age dares to dictate without the sanction of experience, where youth is clamorous without the energy of spirit: Where the crafty flatter the vanity of ignorance, and the bold overawe the timidity of caution, was the influence of Pisistratus secretly insinuated and successfully exercised. He deceived the credulous by specious falsehoods, and flattered the vanity of meanness by the hopes of future honours. Nothing that ingenuity could suggest, and boldness perpetrate, escaped his vigilant eye. Even the wary policy of the lawgiver himself was blinded by his art. Thus did he collect around him whatever the vilest rank of his country could contribute, of the base and the profligate, the needy and the designing, the restless and the ambitious, the ignorant and the credulous. By these means did he enlist a band of men, who were

prompt at his signal to slander honesty and insult dignity, to despise the institutions of their country, and, impelled by the violence of passion, to elude the control of reason.*

But let me at least endeavour to do justice to his memory. With a person bold and majestic he needed but to be seen to attract attention. His eloquence, which raged in the loftiest torrents of indignation, or flowed in a gentle current of mild persuasion, was happily aided by nature, who had bestowed on the tones of his voice an extraordinary degree of sweetness. Nor was she less bountiful in the embellishment of his mind. No man could more skilfully command, not only his own passions, but even those of others, which he made subservient to his views. He was accessible to the meanest of the community, and he listened to every complaint. With qualities so eminently adapted to fit him to be the leader of the democratic faction, it will not be wondered at that the warning voice of Solon could be of little avail in stopping the incursive spread of his popularity. But after he had attained the eminence for which he had laboured with such untiring toil, the loftiness of his genius displayed itself in a dignity of demeanor, which added a bright lustre to authority, and gave fresh energy to courage. It has been properly said, that a sovereign is more powerful by his personal qualities than by his power, and the TYRANT,* for so he is styled by the Greeks, furnishes an illustrious example of the truth of the remark. By whatever arts he usurped the sovereignty of his country, and prostrated her liberties, for a short time, we must yet admire the humanity, virtue, and moderation, with which he exercised his authority. He not only enforced and improved many of the laws of Solon, particularly those against idleness, but he became a real benefactor, by teaching new modes of industry; which he did by introducing arts and manufactories, hitherto unknown, into Attica. It is true that he united in himself the regal privileges and powers of the robe and the sword, but it is no less true that, when he was accused of an infraction of his own laws by the commission of a murder, he appeared before the Areopagus, and in the tone of innocence called upon that illustrious body to inquire into the facts, and to remove so foul a stigma from his name, if they should find his hands unstained by the blood of a fellow-citizen. Had not the contentions of the different factions of the city somewhat embittered the natural humanity of his disposition, and the violent opposition of his enemies inflamed an inherent love of power, the name of Pisistratus would be conspicuously inrolled in the first rank of the patriots and heroes of Greece.

But to return from my digression. Hipparchus, disdaining the soft blandishments of a voluptuous court, had devoted his days and nights to the cul-

* Let the reader pause for a moment in this place, and reflect on the unvarying and detestable complexion which has always distinguished the features of this meretricious Syren. Let him view her folly and her profligacy in the streets of Athens, when she derided the salutary laws of Solon—her weakness and instability under those of Lycurgus—see her lighting the torch of discord, and blowing the trump of rebellion in England—and only furling her standard when it has been crimsoned by the blood of a sovereign;—and see her exhibit a still more hideous aspect, when she ravaged the fertile fields of France, imbrued her hands in the blood of a mild and benignant monarch, whose only crime was his love towards his subjects, and murdered thousands to satiate her savage ferocity; and at length plunged her deluded followers into the darkest gloom of despotism! Such is the demon of democracy. Arrayed in smiles, she courts our embraces; but her heart is cankered—she is corrupted by loathsome disease, and polluted by a passion more contagious than the fang of the viper.

* The Greeks attached a different idea to the word τυραννος, from that which is implied in the acceptation of the modern word *Tyrant*. They applied it to all, without discrimination, who acquired the sovereign power in a free republic. Thrasybulus of Miletus, Periander of Corinth, Pisistratus of Athens, Polycrates of Samos, Alexander of Pheræ, and Dionysius of Syracuse, were all called τυραννοι, though their characters were as widely different as those of Titus and Domitian, the extremes of virtue and vice.

tivation of his mind. At his instigation his father had invited to his court the most eminent men of Greece, and the merit of his exertions he always ascribed to him. Such was the filial duty and the amiable disposition of this young prince, that he endeavoured, by every little art, to soften the fetters of the Athenians, and invariably taught them to direct their thanks to the monarch. The Play, which he now brought forward, was his first attempt; and it succeeded in a manner the most flattering to the sanguine hopes of a juvenile author. The fable was taken from the Rhapsodies of Homer, which his father had collected. He depicted the misfortunes of Ulysses, and their happy termination. He portrayed the magic influence of Circe and her companions, in such glowing words, that we all wondered at the prudence which could escape their snares.

But when the poet, changing the scene, carried us to the island of Calypso—when he painted her beauty, and described the fascinating lures which love had taught her, in terms which Apollo had inspired, every heart seemed agonized for his fidelity—the whole audience arose in raptures when they witnessed his triumph.

Thus the pen of the poet created at his will all the changes of hope and fear, of love, admiration and terror. We left the theatre, participating in the joys of Ulysses, after he had escaped all his perils, and once more folded in his arms the faithful Penelope.

I spent the night with Anacreon, and our recent entertainment naturally became the topic of conversation. He had written some tragedies himself, and the subject was familiar to him.

"The fable of every poem," he said, "is either simple or implex. It is called simple, when the tale moves on, without any interruption, by striking reverses of fortune, or sudden discoveries, in the hero—and implex, when his situation changes from good to bad, or from bad to good. The implex sort of fable is, therefore, of two kinds. In the first, the hero is subjected to a long series of difficulties and dangers, but he finally surmounts them, and is rewarded by honours and happiness, as we saw, to night, in the character of Ulysses. In the second, the chief actor falls from the pinnacle of honour and prosperity, into misery and disgrace.* Our poets frequently make, what they imagine to be, very important discoveries, in order to excite our surprise and enchain our attention. But they neglect to make any subsequent change in the apparent plan of the play, or in the sentiments of the actors. Thus, in the Electra of Sophocles, after the discovery that is made between Electra and Orestes, they still continue in the same state, and there is no peripety, or change of fortune, until after the death of Clytemnestra and Egisthus.

I interrupted Anacreon, to ask, which he thought the better manner of conducting a fable. Whether to make virtue always triumphant, or sometimes to terminate its sufferings by death without other relief?

He said, that "authors differed very much on this question. But to me," he continued," it has always appeared, that, as the principal design of tragedy is to excite commiseration and terror in the minds of the audience, we shall defeat its purpose if we invariably make virtue and innocence successful and happy. Whatever vexations and disappointments may occur to a good man, in the

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* We may supply the neglect of Anacreon in this place, by mentioning the Paradise Lost of Milton, as an instance of the second kind of implex fable. There our general parents, from the most enviable state which the creative imagination of a poet can feign, are suddenly plunged into all the misery of sin and sorrow. That sweet converse, which cheated the lazy hours of time, is changed into the revilings of disgust, or the murmurs of discontent—the prospect of a future, and even a greater, felicity is dimmed by the consciousness of guilt and the dread of punishment—and they are haunted by the most agonizing phantoms which can torture a parent's reflection—they present before them the offspring they have introduced to the world, to drink of the cup of bitterness, which can only be exhausted by the intervention of one *who is able to save all.*

course of the narrative, we are little affected by them; we take no interest in his sufferings, if we know that in the conclusion he is to attain the summit of his desires, and be made completely happy. Whilst he is plunged in the depth of misery, we are apt to console ourselves with the reflection, that he will eventually extricate himself from all his difficulties; and, that his grief, how poignant soever it may be at present, will soon be mitigated, and the smiles of cheerfulness be restored to his countenance.—For this reason, the most skilful of our writers treat men in their poems as they find them in the world. They make virtue sometimes happy, and sometimes miserable. Aristotle considers the tragedies that were written in either of these ways, and concludes by observing, that those which ended unhappily had always pleased the people, and won the prize from those which concluded in the contrary manner.

Terror and commiseration leave an impression of pleasing painfulness, and diffuse a soft melancholy over the mind, from which arises a serious composure of thoughts, that is much more lasting and delightful than the little transient ebullitions of joy and rapture.* Besides, the prosperity of the good has nothing tragical in it, and I think I may add, that the punishment of the bad inspires as little terror or pity. In this respect Sophocles errs when he makes Electra and Orestes happy in the conclusion, and punishes Egisthus and Clytemnestra. It is proper that their crimes should be punished, but the audience would be more affected if they had been called upon to mourn over unsuccessful innocence.

It is also a great fault, as Aristotle again observes, in some of our writers, that they endeavour to excite terror or pity, not by the dignity of thought and sublimity of expression, but by the dress and the decorations of the stage.* This censure may justly be applied to Eschylus. It is said, that when his "Furies" was first performed, the audience was so terrified, that the children fell

* In confirmation of this opinion of Anacreon, we may remark, that the most popular of our English tragedies are those, in which the favourites of the audience sink under the calamities that oppress them. Othello, Macbeth, Hamlet, and Lear, are oftener played and more generally applauded than any of the other dramas of Shakspeare.—It must be owned, however, that this sort of construction, which is the most perfect in tragedy, is not so proper for the Epic poem. Milton seems to be sensible of the imperfectness of his Fable; and his ingenuity has therefore resorted to various artifices to supply the defect: particularly by the mortification of the great adversary of mankind, on his return to the assembly of the infernal spirits, as is richly described in the Tenth Book—Also, by the vision, in which Adam, at the close of the Poem, sees *the seed of the woman bruising the serpent's head*, and fancies himself to be placed in a happier Paradise than that from which he had been expelled.

* It is to be regretted that the exquisite raillery of Addison did not affect some revolution in what the Italians call, "fourberia della scena," the knavery or trickish part of the drama—that authors will continue to terrify us by thunder and lightning, and make us melancholy by darkening the stage.

But small wits are incorrigible. Shakspeare exalts our conceptions by a few strokes of his pen, but there are others who are compelled to resort to such expedients as the terrific processions which old Matthew Paris describes. The work is rare, and the curious will not be wearied by a short extract. This author has left us an account of the "Devil's Stage Plays," as he terms them, said to have been exhibited, with many other strange sights, to the soul of a pious catholic rustic, under the special patronage of the saints.

"THE SCENE, HELL.

"First they (the devils) introduced a very proud man in his robes, strutting along big, cocking his eye-brows, uttering swelling words; in short, having all the manners of imperiousness and arrogancy; but while he was threatening horrible executions, and priding himself in his trappings, all on a sudden, they turned into a flame around him, burning him most dismally, and then the devil's seizing him, tormented him beyond what human malice can imagine."

The other characters composing this diabolical drama, were, a soldier, a priest, a *lawyer*, his rib, an adultress with her gallants, two backbiters, and lastly, a most harmonious concert of thieves, incendiaries, and violators of holy places. All of which must have been vastly edifying and comfortable to the soul of the poor sinner.

into fits, and many of the women were seriously injured.

A poet should be cautious that he do not make his good characters too perfect, lest he stifle all hopes of imitation; and also for another reason, which Aristotle gives. He says that, if a man of perfect and consummate virtue becomes unfortunate, it excites our pity but not our terror, because we who do not resemble the suffering person have little dread that we shall meet a similar fate. But if we behold one, with whose virtues some imperfections are mingled, his misfortunes not only interest our sympathy, but our terror, because our character resembles his.*

Thus you see, my dear Crito, that our art does not consist in the mere assemblage of words, in collecting together a quantity of brilliant metaphors and striking similies. The poet who soars on the wings of invention, and aspires to the praise of posterity, must study the human mind with the nicest scrutiny. He should habituate himself to an active curiosity respecting the motives of human actions, and he should be able to search the innermost recesses of the heart with the skill of the metaphysical anatomist.

But come, let us drink—our long conversation has made me thirsty. I immediately poured him some choice Chian, which had recently been sent by one of his bacchanalian friends. Ah, said he, this is the inspiring god; this is the legitimate Muse of genuine poetry. Did such liquor flow from Helicon, we should be a nation of poets. I asked if wine really aided his invention. Oh yes, it exhilarates my spirits—brightens all my faculties—give me my lyre, and you shall see that this goblet is also an inspirer of harmony. The instrument was quickly strung, and, after a long discussion of the rules of poetry, it was a pleasant change to have them exemplified by a song on

THE POWER OF WINE.

When I drink, I feel, I feel,
Visions of poetic zeal!
Warm with the goblet's fresh'ning dews,
My heart invokes the heavenly muse.
When I drink my sorrow's o'er;
I think of doubts and fears no more;
But scatter to the railing wind
Each gloomy phantom of the mind!
When I drink, the jesting boy,
Bacchus himself, partakes my joy;
And while we dance thro' breathing bowers,
Whose every gale is rich with flowers,

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* Without presuming to question the accuracy of Aristotle's judgment, I must be permitted to observe, that his remark will not apply to the Adam and Eve of Milton. In the Paradise Lost, these persons possess the most eminent virtues, and their fall is not to be considered as what may be, but what actually is, our situation. We are embarked in the same vessel, and must participate in their happiness or misery.

In this, and in a few other instances, as Addison has remarked, Aristotle's rules for Epic Poetry, which he had learned from a diligent perusal of Homer, cannot be supposed to suit exactly with the heroic poems that have been written since his time. It must be evident to every one, that his rules would have been still more perfect, could he have studied the Eneid, which was written several centuries after his death.

When I drink, I feel, I feel,
Visions of poetic zeal!] "Anacreon is not the only one (says Longepierre) whom wine has inspired with poetry." There is an epigram in the first book of the Anthologia, which begins thus:

Οινος τοι χαριεντι μεγας πωλει ἱππος ἀοιδῳ,
Ὑδωρ δε πινων, καλον ϗ τεκοις επος.

If with water you fill up your glasses,
You 'll never write any thing wise;
For wine is the horse of Parnassus,
Which hurries a bard to the skies!

M.

And while we dance through breathing bowers, &c.] If some of the translators had observed Dr. Trapp's caution, with regard to πολυανθεστιν μ' εν αυραις, "Cave ne cœlum intelligas," they would not have spoiled the simplicity of Anacreon's fancy by such extravagant conceptions of the passage. Could our poet imagine such bombast as the following?

Quand je bois, mon œil s'imagine
Que, dans un tourbillon plein de parfums divers,
Bacchus m'importe dans les airs,
Rempli de sa liqueur divine.

Or this:

Indi mi mena
Mentre lietro ebro deliro,
Bacco in giro
Per la vaga aura serena. M.

In bowls he makes my senses swim,
Till the gale breathes of nought but him!
When I drink, I deftly twine
Flowers, begemm'd with tears of wine;
And, while with festive hand I spread
The smiling garland round my head,
Something whispers in my breast,
How sweet it is to live at rest!
When I drink, and perfume stills
Around me all in balmy rills,
Then as some beauty, smiling roses,
In languor on my breast reposes,
Venus! I breathe my vows to thee,
In many a sigh of luxury!
When I drink, my heart refines,
And rises as the cup declines;
Rises in the genial flow,
That none but social spirits know,
When youthful revellers, round the bowl,
Dilating, mingle soul with soul!
When I drink, the bliss is mine;
There 's bliss in every drop of wine!
All other joys that I have known,
I've scarcely dar'd to call my own;
But this the Fates can ne'er destroy,
Till death o'ershadows all my joy!

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CHAP. IV.

After he concluded his song, we drank some more wine and retired to our chambers. On the following day, I observed an unusual degree of thoughtfulness in his manner, and, as he daily became more pensive, I ventured to solicit his confidence.

I will tell you willingly, he said, for it is sweet to have a friend who will listen to our complaints, and sympathize in our sorrows. I thought that the fever of love had ceased to rage in my veins; but I was wrong. Cupid finds me so willing a slave, that he delights to exercise his power. That lovely girl whom we saw slumbering in the grove —I cannot banish her idea from my mind. You must see her—intreat that I may see her too—Here are thy credentials—thou shalt be my Mercury.

In fact, I found that he had a long time neglected the worship of Venus, and the goddess seemed now resolved, by the severity of his present sufferings, to punish his desertion from her altars. The brow which was once serene and unruffled, save by the smiles of cheerfulness, was now contracted by the gloom of discontent and solicitude. His lyre had no longer any melody unless it respired the notes of love, and his heart feelingly re-echoed the plaintive cadence. He strived to conquer this new passion and regain his wonted carelessness—but in vain—he yielded when he could no longer resist, and he was not ashamed to acknowledge his defeat. The ode which he had written in his tablet, and requested me to convey to her, was addressed

TO THE GOLDEN EURYPYLE.*

I will; I will; the conflict 's past,
And I 'll consent to love at last.
Cupid has long, with smiling art,
Invited me to yield my heart;
And I have thought that peace of mind
Should not be for a smile resigned;
And I 've repell'd the tender lure,
And hop'd my heart should sleep secure.
But, slighted in his boasted charms,
The angry infant flew to arms;
He slung his quiver's golden frame,
He took his bow, his shafts of flame,
And proudly summon'd me to yield,
Or meet him on the martial field.
And what did I unthinking do?
I took to arms, undaunted too;
Assum'd the corslet, shield, and spear,
And, like Pelides, smil'd at fear.

When youthful revellers, round the bowl,
Dilating, mingle soul with soul!] Subjoined to Gail's edition of Anacreon, there are some curious letters upon the Θιασοι of the ancients, which appeared in the French Journals. At the opening of the Odeon in Paris, the managers of the spectacle requested Professor Gail to give them some uncommon name for the fêtes of this institution. He suggested the word "Thiase," which was adopted; but the literati of Paris questioned the propriety of it, and addressed their criticisms to Gail through the medium of the public prints. Two or three of the letters he has inserted in his edition, and they have elicited from him some learned research on the subject. M.

* Mr. Moore remarks that the word "golden," is frequently employed as an epithet of beauty. Thus in Virgil, "Venus aurea;" and in Propertius "Cynthia aurea." Tibullus, however, calls an old woman "golden." May I add that the "flava coma" of Horace is in the same spirit?

And what did I unthinking do?
I took to arms, undaunted too;] Longepierre has quoted an epigram from the Anthologia, in which the poet assumes Reason as the armour against love.

Then (hear it, all you powers above!)
I fought with love! I fought with love!
And now his arrows all were shed—
And I had just in terrors fled—
When, heaving an indignant sigh,
To see me thus unwounded fly,
And, having now no other dart,
He glanc'd himself into my heart!
My heart—alas the luckless day!
Receiv'd the God, and died away.
Farewel, farewel, my faithless shield!
Thy lord at length is forc'd to yield.
Vain, vain, is every outward care,
My foe 's within, and triumph's there.

Ωπλισμαι προς ερωτα περι στερνοισι λογισμον,
Ουδε με νικησει, μονος εων προς ένα.
Θνατος δ' αβαναω συνελευσομαται: ην δε βοηθον
Βαηχον εχη, τι μονος προς δυ' εγω δυναμαι;

With Reason I cover my breast as a shield,
And fearlessly meet little Love in the field;
Thus fighting his godship, I 'll ne'er be dismay'd,
But, if Bacchus should ever advance to his aid,
Alas! then, unable to combat the two,
Unfortunate warrior! what should I do?

This idea of the irresistibility of Cupid and Bacchus united is delicately expressed in an Italian poem, which is so very Anacreontic, that I may be pardoned for introducing it. Indeed, it is an imitation of our poet's sixth ode.

Lavossi Amore in quel vicino fiume
Ove giuro (Pastor) che bevend 'io
Bevei le fiamme, anzi l'istesso Dio,
C'hor con l'humide piume
Lascivetto mi scherza al cor intorno.
Ma che sarei s'io lo bevessi un giorno,
Bacco, nel tuo liquore?
Sarei, più che non sono ebro d'Amore.

The urchin of the bow and quiver
Was bathing in a neighbouring river,
Where, as I drank on yester-eve,
(Shepherd-youth! the tale believe,)
'Twas not a cooling, chrystal draught,
'Twas liquid flame I mildly quaff'd;
For love was in the rippling tide,
I felt him to my bosom glide.
And now the wily, wanton minion
Plays o'er my heart with restless pinion.
This was a day of fatal star,
But were it not more fatal far,
If, Bacchus, in thy cup of fire,
I found this flutt'ring, young desire?
Then, then indeed my soul should prove,
Much more than ever, drunk with love!

And, having left no other dart,
He glanc'd himself into my heart!] Dryden has parodied this thought in the following extravagant lines:

——— I'm all o'er love;
Nay, I am Love, Love shot, and shot so fast,
He shot himself into my breast at last.

I had some acquaintance with Eurypyle, and therefore felt no difficulty in presenting the offering my friend had sent. She received it not as a deserved homage to her beauty, but as an extravagant compliment, which her modesty would willingly have avoided. Yet the vows of such a poet, of one who was the admiration of the most polished court in Greece, was too flattering to be resisted.

When I contemplated the delightful manner in which Anacreon now passed his days, it was pleasant to me to remember that I had been an humble instrument in promoting it. But it was a satisfaction in which some regret, and perhaps a little envy were intermingled. Those hours in which I was once instructed by his conversations on poetry, or listened with rapture to the softness of his music, were now gone. Eurypyle engrossed all his soul. The strings of his lyre breathed but in unison with the expressions of her eyes, and her praise was the only theme of his song.

Yet I ought not to have repined. She was a woman who merited the love of Anacreon. Her mind was highly cultivated. From the most eminent teachers she had learned to enliven the canvas with animation, and her skilful hand had given life to the marble of Paria. With the young and the gay, she warbled the notes of festivity, or twined through the mazes of the dance.

But, alas! how fugitive is pleasure. In a few moments, the lovely maid was obliged to attend her father, who was sent on an embassy to one of the Grecian states.—The parting was tender and impressive. Anacreon vowed, what he had often vowed before, to be ever faithful, and his mistress conjured him to remember how intimately her felicity depended on his fidelity. He mourned her absence, by an elegy, the copy of which I have unfortunately lost; but I have preserved the following address to Archas, who had been one of the instructors of Eurypyle.

To this eminent artist he had applied for a picture of his former pupil. The feelings of the Painter were scarcely

less interested than the heart of the Poet, and he made so exquisite a picture, that it was sent to Athens, after the death of Anacreon, to be deposited in the temple of Oenus.

Thou, whose soft and rosy hues
Mimic form, and soul infuse;
Best of painters! come portray
The lovely maid that 's far away.
Far away, my soul! thou art,
But I 've thy beauties all by heart.
Paint her jetty ringlets straying,
Silky twine in tendrils playing;
And, if painting hath the skill
To make the spicy balm distil,
Let every little lock exhale
A sigh of perfume on the gale.
Where her tresses' curly flow
Darkles o'er the brow of snow,
Let her forehead beam to light,
Burnish'd as the ivory bright.
Let her eyebrows sweetly rise
In jetty arches o'er her eyes,
Gently in a crescent gliding,
Just commingling, just dividing.
But hast thou any sparkles warm,
The lightning of her eyes to form?
Let them effuse the azure ray,
With which Minerva's glances play,
And give them all that liquid fire
That Venus' languid eyes respire.
O'er her nose and cheek be shed
Flushing white and mellow'd red;
Gradual tints, as when there glows
In snowy milk the bashful rose.
Then her lip, so rich in blisses!
Sweet petitioner for kisses!

Thou, whose soft and rosy hues,
Mimic form, and soul infuse;] I have followed the reading of the Vatican MS. ῥοδεης. Painting is called "the rosy art," either in reference to colouring, or as an indefinite epithet of excellence, from the association of beauty with that flower. Salvini has adopted this reading in his literal translation:

Della rosea arte signore. M.

The lovely maid that 's far away.] If the portrait of this beauty be not merely ideal, the omission of her name is much to be regretted. Meleager, in an epigram on Anacreon, mentions "the golden Eurypyle" as his mistress.

Βεβληκως χρυσειην χειρας επ' Ευρυπυλην. M.

Paint her jetty ringlets straying,
Silky twine in tendrils playing;] The ancients have been very enthusiastic in their praises of hair. Apuleius, in the second book of his Milesiacs, says, that Venus herself, if she were bald, though surrounded by the Graces and the Loves, could not be pleasing even to her husband Vulcan.

Stesichorus gave the epithet καλλιπλοκαμος to the Graces, and Simonides bestowed the same upon the Muses. See Hadrian Junius's Dissertation upon Hair.

To this passage of our poet, Selden alluded in a note on the Polyolbion of Drayton, song the second, where observing, that the epithet "black-haired" was given by some of the ancients to the goddess Isis, he says, "Nor will I swear, but that Anacreon (a man very judicious in the provoking motives of wanton love) intended to bestow on his sweet mistress that one of the titles of women's special ornament, well-haired (καλλιπλοκαμος), thought of this when he gave his painter direction to make her black-haired." M.

And, if painting hath the skill
To make the spicy balm distill, &c.] Thus Philostratus, speaking of a picture: επαινω και τον ενδροσον των ροδων και φημι γεγραφθαι αυτα μετα της οσμης. "I admire the dewiness of these roses, and could say that their very smell was painted." M.

And give them all that liquid fire,
That Venus' languid eyes respire.] Marchetti explains thus the ὑγρον of the original:

Dipingili umidetti
Tremuli e lascivetti,
Quai gli ha Ciprigna l'alma Dea d'Amore.

Tasso has painted in the same manner the eyes of Armida, as La Fosse remarks:

Qual raggio in onda le scintilla un riso
Negli umidi occhi tremulo e lascivo.

Within her humid melting eyes
A brilliant ray of laughter lies,
Soft as the broken solar beam,
That trembles in the azure stream.

The mingled expression of dignity and tenderness, which Anacreon requires the painter to infuse into the eyes of his mistress, is more amply described in the subsequent ode. Both descriptions are so exquisitely touched, that the artist must have been great indeed, if he did not yield in painting to the poet. M.

Gradual tints, as when there glows
In snowy milk the bashful rose.] Thus Propertius, eleg. 3, lib. ii.

Utque rosæ puro lacte natant folia.

And Davenant, in a little poem called 'The Mistress,'

Catch as it falls the Scythian snow,
Bring blushing roses steep'd in milk.

Thus too Taygetus:

Quæ lac atque rosas vincis candore rubenti.

These last words may perhaps defend the "flushing white" of the translation. M.

Then her lip, so rich in blisses!
Sweet petitioner for kisses!] The "lip, provoking kisses," in the original, is a strong and beautiful expression. Achilles Tatius speaks of χειλη μαλθακα περος τα φιληματα, "Lips

Pouting nest of bland persuasion,
Ripely suing Love's invasion.
Then beneath the velvet chin,
Whose dimple shades a love within,
Mould her neck, with grace descending,
In a heaven of beauty ending;
While airy charms, above, below,
Sport and flutter on its snow.
Now let a floating, lucid veil,
Shadow her limbs, but not conceal;
A charm may peep, a hue may beam,
And leave the rest to Fancy's dream.
Enough—'tis she! 'tis all I seek;
It glows, it lives, it soon will speak!

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

In his Essay on Man, Pope has very beautifully adverted to a peculiarity in the natural history of the Nautilus. Goldsmith also in his "Animated Nature," has indulged us with a very pleasing description of this fairy mariner. Mrs. C. Smith, in a recent performance, has likewise very poetically described

THE NAUTILUS.

Where southern suns and winds prevail,
And undulate the summer seas;
The Nautilus expands his sail,
And sends before the fresh'ning breeze.

Oft in a little squadron seen,
Of mimic shapes, all rigg'd complete;
Fancy might think the fairy queen
Was sailing with the elfin fleet.

With how much beauty is design'd
Each channel'd bark of purest white,
With orient pearl each cabin lin'd,
Varying with every change of light.

While with his little slender oars,
His silken sail and tapering mast,
The dauntless mariner explores
The dangers of the watery waste.

Prepared, should tempests rend the sky,
From harm his fragile bark to keep,
He furls his sail, his oar lays by,
And seeks his safety in the deep.

Then safe on ocean's shelly bed,
He hears the storm above him roar,
Mid groves of coral glowing red,
Or rocks o'erhung with madrepore.

So let us catch life's favouring gale,
But if Fate's adverse winds be rude,
Take calmly in the adventurous sail,
And find repose in Solitude.

A PARENT'S BLINDNESS.

Boileau's father one day was recounting the various qualities in the minds of his children; and, delighted with the sweetness of temper and simplicity of mind, which he thought he had discovered in his son, used to say of him, that he was very different from the rest of his children, for he knew that Despréaux would never speak ill of any body.

When Boileau first commenced his satirical career, he received admonitory hints from his friends, that he was about to stir up against himself a host of formidable enemies, who would continually keep their eyes upon him, and annoy him on every opportunity. I care not for them, answered the intrepid satirist, I will endeavour to be an honest man, and I shall defy their malice.

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soft and delicate for kissing." A grave old commentator, Dionysius Lambinus, in his notes upon Lucretius, tells us with all the authority of experience, that girls who have large lips kiss infinitely sweeter than others! "Suavius viros osculantur puellæ labiosæ, quam quæ sunt brevibus labris." And Æneas Sylvius, in his tedious, uninteresting story of the adulterous loves of Euryalus and Lucretia, where he particularizes the beauties of the heroine (in a very false and laboured style of latinity), describes her lips as exquisitely adapted for biting. "Os parvum descensque, labia corallini coloris ad morsum aptissima." Epist. 114, lib. i. M.

Then beneath the velvet chin,
Whose dimple shades a love within, &c.] Madame Dacier has quoted here two pretty lines of Varro:

Sigilla in mento impressa Amoris digitulo
Vestigio demonstrant mollitudinem.

In her chin is a delicate dimple,
By the finger of Cupid imprest;
There Softness, bewitchingly simple,
Has chosen her innocent nest. M.

Now let a floating, lucid veil,
Shadow her limbs, but not conceal; &c.] This delicate art of description, which leaves the imagination to complete the picture, has been seldom adopted in the imitations of this beautiful poem. Ronsard is exceptionably minute; and Politianus, in his charming portrait of a girl, full of rich and exquisite diction, has lifted the veil rather too much. The "questo che tu m'intendi" should be always left to fancy. M.

The literary and political world, says a London paper, are under great obligations to Mr. Almon for his Classical edition of the works of the author of JUNIUS. Besides developing the Secret History of those Letters, Mr. Almon has enriched them with Notes Biographical and Historical, which will ever stamp value on this new edition.

A certain noted Physician, at Bath, was lately complaining in a coffee-house in that city, that he had three fine daughters, to whom he should give 10,000l. each, and yet that he could find nobody to marry them. "With your *lave*, Doctor," said an Irishman, who was present, stepping up and making a very respectful bow, "I'll take *two* of them!"

From the Greek.

ON A STATUE OF VENUS BY PRAXITELES.

When Venus saw her statue plac'd
At Cnidos, with perfection grac'd;
"Ah where, Praxiteles," she cried,
"Hast thou my naked charms espied." C. B.

ON ENVY.

Envy is bad—and yet claims one good part,
It gnaws the man who envies to the heart!
C. B.

For the Port Folio.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WATTS'S EDITION OF MOORE'S ODES, &c.

Although but a very short season has elapsed since we announced Mr. Moore's new work, yet it has been published more than a fortnight. Such is the celerity of the Philadelphia Press. Such is the triumph of victorious Industry.

This elegant volume in large 8vo.* consists principally of Odes and Epistles, among which are interspersed many minor poems, which captivate the reader by their wit and sprightliness, while the others delight him by their strength and splendor. Though the walks of Mr. Moore's poesy are exceedingly various, yet they are all enamelled, and all delightful. It is nearly impossible to find a crude or careless composition in this beautiful Anthologia. The ingenuity of the author's mind, and the benevolence of his heart, are evinced in many a passage, which will be re-echoed by the voices of love and friendship, while the name of Anacreon and of Moore survive. What can be more sincere and affectionate than his tender apostrophes to his noble fellow-student and his gentle sister? What more impassioned than his Odes to Nea the nymph of "the fairy isle?" What more joyous than his verses to George Morgan and Joseph Attkinson, Esquires? What more descriptive of local scenery than the Epistle to the Marchioness of Donegall, and to Lady Charlotte Rawdon? and what more faithful to manners and character than the Address to Dr. Hume? The fall of Hebe, The Grecian Girl's Dream, The Genius of Harmony, Rings and Seals, The Snow Spirit, Hymn of a Virgin of Delphi, and The Song of the Evil Spirit of the Woods, will, we think, be sufficient to convince the liberal critic, that if the loftier tone of Poetry has been lowered of late, it is not owing to the fault of Mr. Moore.

This interesting volume is sure of success both from the early reputation of the author, and from the intrinsic merit of the composition. Dr. Kearney, the Provost of Trinity College, Dr. Lawrence, the friend of Burke, the Rev. W. L. Bowles, the author of the best Sonnets in the English language, Mr. W. Gifford, and the whole tribe of British critics declared, while Mr. Moore was quite a youth, that in spirit, genius, and originality, he would emulate the writers of a purer age. Of his invention the proofs may be found in every page of this volume. Of his learning there is enough in the notes to some of his more classical effusions, to satisfy the greediness of a pedant. His tone is not always that of the lover's

* The English edition is a very thick quarto, printed in a very ostentatious and expensive style, and cannot be afforded in this country for less than 12 dollars, an enormous tax, which would amount to a prohibition of this poetical luxury. Mr. Watts's editions, at 2 and 3 dollars, are *remarkably cheap*, whether we consider the value of the matter, or the accuracy of the Press. His second edition, now advertised, will contain much additional interesting matter.

lute. We sometimes may hear other notes than those of an amatory or melancholy madrigal. His genius sometimes appears in the wild form of ancient Dithyrambic, and sometimes in the angry guise of Churchill's satire.—Still, he is never—

——— "So devote to Aristotle's checks,
That OVID is an outcast quite abjur'd."

A Sonnet not to a mistress's *eye-brow*, but to her imagination and her heart, is often his favourite composition, but tempered with more prudence and more delicacy than was visible in his juvenile performances. Neither in "The Tell-Tale Lyre," nor in "The Dream of Antiquity," nor in "The Senses," nor in "Chloris and Fanny," nor in "The Warning," nor in the playful verses to Lady H. which PRIOR might exult to own, has this fascinating bard, though treading on very dangerous ground, ever found a path so voluptuous, as when his muse directed her willing view to Julia, to Rosa, and to Fanny of Timmol.

Perhaps the Odes to Nea, many of which, it must be confessed, glow with much of the intenseness of Ovid's and Catullus's fire, The Stanzas, entitled, "At Night," the "Fragment of a Mythological Hymn to Love," "The Address of Aristippus to a Lamp, given him by Lais." The verses entitled, "Dreams," and some passages in a very fine imitation of Hudibras, entitled "The Devil among the Scholars," may be *growled at* by some, and *whined over* by others, but though we by no means assume the office of an apologist, even for the mere appearance of evil, yet, in justice to the very young and impassioned author of these glowing descriptions, it may be remarked that, if he has sinned to his own conscience, and must be damned either by the charitable or the calvanistic, and sentenced to some purgatory of punishment, he will find himself in company of a tolerable reputation, such as Shakspeare, Prior, and even Pope himself. The wits like Swift and Rabelais, and the poets like Catullus and Carew, have in every age, heated themselves and perhaps their readers too much by the blaze of Love. But such is the temperament of genius, and such are the propensities of poets, that we know not in what year of our Lord either the genuine moralist, or the sobbing sectary will find snow and ice enough to extinguish this fire.

Among the lighter poems in this enchanting miscellany, we wish to mention with emphasis the tender verses, which begin with "Come take the harp," and "The world had just begun to steal each hope," &c. The "Ballad Stanzas." The "Lines written at the Falls of the Mohawk." "To Cara, Concealed within the shady wood." The "Anacreontic to Lamia." The Epigram from the Greek of P. Silentiarus, "To Mrs. B. written in her Album." The address "To a Lady's Picture." "The Steersman's Song," and "The Kiss à l'Antique." These little pieces, it is true, are the minature pictures of poetry, but they display the features of beauty, the eye of fire, and the loveliness of the graces, with all the minuteness of accurate observation, and the brightest colours of an artist's pencil. The fate of such stanzas as we are now describing it is easy to predict. They will be read. They will be remembered.

Each lovely nymph shall read them on her fan,
And each bright beau shall spell them—if he can.

For the Port Folio.

SURREPTITIOUS EDITION OF MR. MOORE'S NEW WORK.

Scarcely had the octavo edition made its appearance before there crept out of the press a dwarfish imitation, in the puny shape of a lank duodecimo. This is a proof of the popularity of Mr. Moore's poems rather than of candour among the proprietors of this meagre edition.

The public may be surprised at the harshness of this introductory paragraph, but that surprise will change to another emotion, when we assign the cause of this asperity.

Early in the summer, a gentleman of rank in England, anxious to furnish an American friend with an *anticipated*

copy of these Odes, procured a copy, either from the author or his bookseller, long before it was *published* in London.* This was transmitted by the British packet, and received here on the eighteenth of June. It was immediately put to press by Mr. J. Watts, and a large impression was executed, in a just confidence that the reputation of the author, and the merit of his poetry, would not merely be a guarrantee from risque, but the pledge of a very extensive sale. During the progress of the work through the press the sheets were clandestinely obtained, and a new edition, in a miniature size, at a reduced price, was announced to the trade. This flagrant act of hostility could have no other motive than the ungenerous and illiberal one of a malignant intention to check, if not to ruin, the sale of the edition undertaken by the rightful proprietor. We are strictly within the limits of correctness, when we say *rightful* proprietor, because, though with certain qualifications any person may reprint a book, not guarded by the law securing literary property, yet, with respect to all foreign publications, the right of preoccupancy is considered valid by the whole body of American printers and booksellers of respectability, and it is considered a breach of custom as well as of the *law of kindness* for one bookseller to publish an edition, which may directly clash with the interest of another. The policy as well as the reason of such a system is obvious. If rival editions were perpetually starting *at the same instant*, in the race for public favour, if literary property should be thus jeopardized by every invader, not only the interest of individuals but of literature itself would be prejudiced. Conflicting editions would, for a moment, rouse the attention of the public, but at length they would glut the market and ruin their proprietors. The reprinting of books would become a desperate and gambling adventure; and thus a very copious source of instruction would be wholly rescinded. But it is superfluous to pursue the argument; the *practice* is settled among the *trade*, and understood by every regular printer.

The *manner* in which the sheets were obtained is not entitled to praise; and though such a mode of acquiring property is not a subject for the cognizance of the laws, yet men of the world and of business may pronounce it illiberal and unsanctioned. Dr. Paley would probably call it by a harsher name.

Of the pretensions to public favour of this *base-born* edition, we cannot *speak vauntingly*. It is coarsely and incorrectly printed; and whether we consider the *spirit* of the plan, or the nature of the execution, we are confident that men of reflexion and judgment will censure both.

In a circular letter, addressed by Mr. Watts to every *brother* bookseller in the United States, the *pith* of these remarks has been communicated in a style of manliness, elegance, vigour, and just remonstrance, which cannot fail of its object. Of the antagonist, we cannot say the *rival*, edition of Mr. Moore's Poems, we should have been careless to speak, had we not been actuated by a well-founded zeal to animadvert upon a wanton attack on the rights and interests of a respectable friend, a learned and meritorious printer, and an honest man.

* Nothing is more common in Great-Britain, particularly in the metropolis, than for a book to be printed many months before publication, especially if the author be a man of fashion and leisure. As he passes much of his time in the country, his distance from the press necessarily interposes frequent delay. Besides, there is a fashionable season for the literary market, as well as stated hours or days for markets of another kind. Neither the bookseller's interest nor an author's vanity permit a volume to be advertised during the summer months, when London, in Gibbon's phrase, is "a vast solitude," and the courts of Westminster Hall, and the squares of the West End are silent and deserted. Hence, partly in consequence of this interval between printing and publishing, but mostly in consequence of the active and persevering spirit of the publisher here, these Odes were perused on this side of the Atlantic, by the admirers of the author, almost as soon as by his London and Dublin friends. This circumstance must be soothing to the sensibility of Mr. M. and to that love of fame which glows in every poet's breast.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

To the Editor of the Port Folio.

SIR,

I take the liberty to send you a few juvenile poems, which I have transcribed from a manuscript, which has been preserved to perpetuate the feelings and emotions of childhood. If these trifles should gain the distinction of your notice, they shall be the precursors of others of a similar description. A****.

SONNET TO THE BLUE BIRD.

Sweet messenger of spring, complaining bird,
How from the budding top of yonder elm,
That hangs o'erwaving thee, I've stood and heard
With throbbing heart, thy embassy of love.
Sweet bird! art thou commissioned to our realm,
Ambassador to cheer the wasted grove,
To tell the daisy when to lift its head,
To whisper to the tulip, that 'tis time,
With fearless smile, to leave a wintry bed;
Or dost thou sing to wake the red-breast up,
To rouse the sleeping songsters to their chime,
And tell them all, the nipping frost is o'er.
O if you come for this, sweet bird of spring,
Welcome, thrice welcome to the news you bring.

Inscription for a Hermitage at Scituate.

Forbear, rash mortal, this retreat,
Where loves and virtues only meet;
Cease to approach this quiet grove,
Where all is tranquilness and love;
If aught unhallowed, aught impure,
Your heart arrest, your breast allure,
Dare not to trace a footstep near,
Thy breast shall own no inmate here.

The snow-drop here shall earliest blow,
And by the streams harmonious flow,
Sweet music chanting from above,
Shall tell the witching hour of love.
Here shall the sister fays be seen,
Dancing round their myrtle green;
And here the Dryad oft at eve
The mystic web of love shall weave.

But see the priestess of this grove,
Her voice all gentleness and love;
She speaks, and music starts around,
The minstrel imitates the sound,
The sylphs and fairies in her train
Join the rich note, prolong the strain,
Till heavenly music chanting flies,
Borne by the winds to viewless skies.

Ah stranger! enter not this grove,
If not thy breast is turn'd to love;
Dare not approach this sacred seat,
Unless thy heart the virtues beat.

IMITATION OF PRIOR.

TO JULIA.

Sweet is my little native bower,
That shades me in the sultry hour,
That fans me softly with a breeze,
When scorching sunbeams still the trees.
Then runs beside with passage fleet,
A little rippling rivulet.
The loveliest music of the spray
Awakes the rosy fingered day:
On every bush within my grove
I hear the linnet's tale of love.
Come, my Julia, haste away,
And hear the music of the spray,
And range the mead, where prattles sweet
The little rippling rivulet.
With transport then we 'll fondly rove,
And teach the linnets how to love,
Sweet is my little native bower,
That shades me in the sultry hour!

TO JULIA.

Go, gentle bird, that gladd'st the spring,
Go, blue bird on thy swiftest wing,
With note prevailing in the grove,
Whisper the melody of love.

Go, and when the tiptoe morn
The cliffs and mountain tops adorn;
Go, perch upon thy favourite tree,
And bear this sentiment from me.

Not all the joys which wealth can bring,
Not all the beauty of the spring,
Not fortune's bright alluring guile,
Is half so rich as Julia's smile.

Should pomp and glory richly shower,
And on my head their rain-drops pour,
Wan discontent would frown the while,
If wanting Julia's gentle smile.

To this alone does Edward's wish aspire,
He asks but this, 'tis all his heart's desire;
Make him a beggar but in this alone,
And fortune, fame, and riches are his own.

THE SHEPHERD'S INVITATION.

A BALLAD.

Stay, gentle traveller on your way,
And join for once our rural glee;
For on the green we dance to-day,
And in our jocund hour agree.

See'st thou yon cottage on the hill,
A little lowly peaceful pile;
Thatch'd round with neatness and with skill,
And deck'd by virtue's peaceful smile.

Rude is the oak that towers above,
And green the ivy on its wall,
But peaceful, happy in their love,
The humble tenants smile on all.

Say, traveller, wilt thou join our song,
The sweetest song of all the grove;
For as it swells the plain along,
It wafts the tenderest, purest love.

Edwin will pipe upon his reed,
And sing the joys of rural glee;
And while our browsing flock's at feed,
Will give the house to mirth and thee.

List, 'tis the sound of Ellen's lute,
That gently dies upon the gale;
Each warbling songster now is mute,
For Ellen's queen of all this vale.

List, Julia too has join'd her note,
The woodland groves and hills rejoice;
The songsters listen as they float,
For Julia has a melting voice.

Tis Ellen's birth-day song that swells,
Come haste and join our rural glee;
Peace, stranger, still our inmate dwells,
And will not fail to welcome thee.

ON LIFE.

Long life is short, where virtuous men engage,
But to the bad, one moment is an age! C. B.

IMITATED.

The graces, seeking for a place of rest,
Have fix'd their empire in Amanda's breast!
C. B.

ON A MISER.

You have a rich man's wealth—a poor man's breast,
Rich to your heirs—but to yourself distress'd!
C. B.

From Catullus.

Lesbia, my soul, your frequent thoughts propose
That this our league of Love shall never close;
O grant, ye gods! that what she says be true,
Grant that my Lesbia may the vow renew;
Grant that establish'd on our souls may prove
Thro' life, this bond of friendship and of love!
C. B.

TO OUR READERS.

We have been forcibly struck with our correspondent "C's" allusion to the literary, as well as military merit of SIR SIDNEY SMITH. He was educated in all the severity of the classical discipline by Dr. Knox, and consequently, in all the duties and graces of a soldier and a scholar, is the very reverse of the *militia* mountebanks of a republican region.

The conclusion of "A PURITAN'S Address" is, if possible, more disgusting than the drivelling hypocrisy of his exordium. PRIOR, who well knew the nature of your sobbing fanatic, has finely expressed his contempt for the prolix impertinence of *the gifted teacher*.

——— At pure barn of loud *non con*,
Where, with my *grannam* I have gone,
When *Lobb* had sifted all his text,
And I well hop'd the pudding next,
"*Now to apply*," has plagu'd me more,
Than all his *villain cant* before.

The sarcastic, useful, and just report of some late proceedings of the Canaille, is entitled to a very full consideration. It not only abounds with wit, but, is in fact, a faithful sketch of the clumsy, crude, senseless politics of the "*unlearned reason*" of

"A set of *patches*, rude *mechanicals*,
Who gain their bread upon the city *stalls*."

These silly sheep, instead of attempting to "weigh and perpend" the massy and ponderous questions of state policy, for which they have no intellectual strength, would do well to leave these things to others; to walk worthily of the *vocation* wherewith they are called; and to reflect that instead of mending their own condition, by their awkward and abortive ambition, they are only the blind instruments and humble *tools* of a small and cunning band of *jugglers behind the curtain*. The Editor is happy to receive communications of this complexion. He inserts, with alacrity, whatever will bring into disgrace and contempt this French mode of a political *mob*, huddling together, and striving to disturb, and to botch, and new vamp the state. He disclaims the domination of a majority of *such* men, "*told by the head*."

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